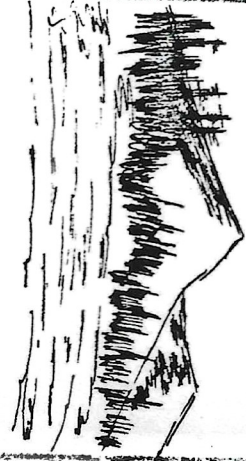


bi. Apollo



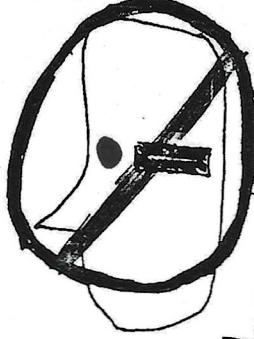
a year

A year &



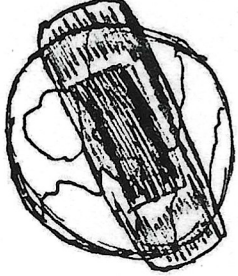
F

The words used to show,
but I knew they want to
get out, escape and go.



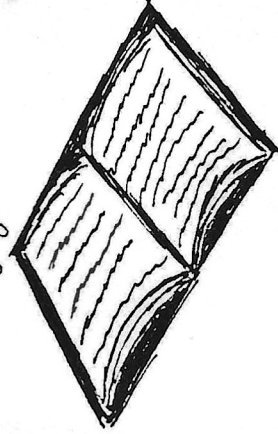
So lately I've been in
No useful things in my head,
more like a graveyard or dump.

My words helped me heal,
but my words only numbed the
pain I could feel.



I wrote poems but loved stories,
my poems were my safe spaces,
neutral territories.

So I am not sure where to say,
but not too long ago I had to play my part.



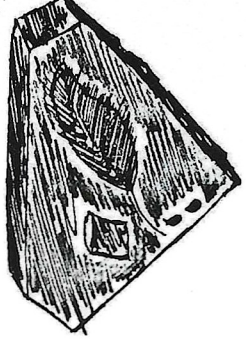
I had to write a story,
short and sweet and not to go on.

A little bit in I got to feeling
that this was not a wall or ceiling.



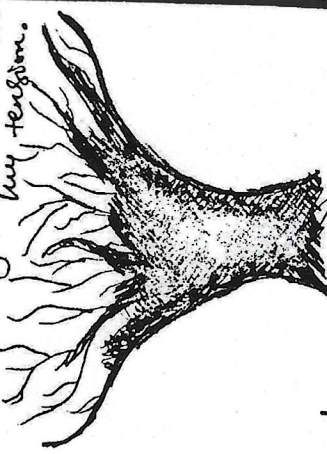
I wanted from then on
was for people to like that I
had going on.

While most thought I was young
and I was feeling a little
bit stressed.



To write was my escape,
and when I wrote I wrote
for other people's sake.

4
Through my honor was only
mentioned,
I created a gift and it relieved
my tension.



So later on I used it to
write for others,
to be their voice when theirs
felt smothered.